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The Christian Ambassador.

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

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Original.

CAPITAL AND ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

BY REV. A. GAGE.

Br. Skinner:—Since my residence in this goodly city, where they *kill for honor* and *hang to reform*, I have had an opportunity of witnessing the infliction of the death penalty upon a fellow being. Although revolting as is such a spectacle to every feeling of humanity within me, yet I bound up my feelings and barred the free courses of my sympathies with all the indifference and insensibility I could command for the occasion, and determined to witness, in the midst of a Christian community, the execution of a law, which challenges the veriest barbarian nation on the earth to produce one more unchristian and cruel. Painful, indeed, was that spectacle, yet inasmuch as it was to be, I am glad I looked upon it, for I can now lift up my voice, knowingly and feelingly, against that relic of barbarism which is still permitted to disgrace the statute books, and harden the hearts of a professedly Christ-instructed people. "I can speak that I do know and testify that I have seen". Yes! I have seen its cruel beauties and killing influence! And I insist that no individual, who has not witnessed a public execution, can form any adequate conception of the unfavorable influence it exerts in the community. In order to present some of the hideous features of the bloody code, I will give you a transcript from my journal in which I sketched, at the time, a few of the disgusting incidents of a legal murder: and the sketch falls far short of a full picture.

"May, 1848, at 10, A. M., observed a vast crowd gathering in the street, immediately in front of the jail. I at once determined to be a spectator of any scene that should be made public—accordingly started to secure the most favorable place of observation. Had scarcely reached the outskirts of the crowd, when the gates of the prison yard opened, and a team came out drawing a wagon in which were three *small* white men, a large colored man and a coffin. The colored man was seated on the coffin, with his hands closely manacled—had on a black gown or shroud, a blinding cap, and a rope fastened around his neck. The wagon passed on, immediately after three horsemen—the Sheriff, *hangman*, (what an appendage would such have been to those great reformers, whose leader declared that he came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them,) and his supernumeraries in the rear, and at flank and far in the rear followed an immense concourse of whites, blacks, and yellows. As the procession moved on, it seemed to increase, while at every corner of the streets were swarms of young and old, male and female, black and white. The huge mass swept along like a cloud of darkness; I, too, mingled in the motely crowd, and swelled that grotesque cavalcade a unit, for I was resolved to follow that multitude "eager for death," to the field of slaughter, that I might henceforth bear my testimony for or against the salutary example, or the demoralizing and heart-hardening influence of that law which requires life for life. On rolled the mass as unfeeling as the shadows of passing clouds. Not an expression of pity or compassion—not a word indicating the least feeling of forgiveness or mercy broke from the lips of a single individual, save from a small lad whose bright eye and lovely countenance instantly attracted my attention. He, with a smaller brother, had been separated, and were struggling to escape from the crowd in which they had, in attempting to cross the street, become entangled. As he passed just beside me, his little brother called to him and asked him, "if he would go and see the man hung?" The question stopped him in a moment, and seemed to make him shudder—and he replied hastily and with short breath and with choked expression: "Oh! no, dear Johnny—come quick with me! I saw a man killed once and I can never see it again! It made me sick—I cannot bear to see it!" I turned half round to look into the face of that child—his countenance was flushed with feelings of compassion, and a tear glistened in his eye. The thought of killing a man seemed to have saddened his soul, and stirred the yet uncorrupted fountains of his sympathy and mercy. I could have caught that bright and lovely boy in my arms, and blessed him with my chicest hopes and most fervent prayer, for never did I see such a heavenly expression rest upon the countenance of a child. But I was carried away by the current of beings that swept along. In all that throng, this was the only sign that there were human hearts, that could feel, incased in those moving mases, for they strode forward—nay, rushed like so many wild, heartless savages—as they drove forward furiously, through the dust and heat, round the curves and hills, I fell quite behind the last of the crowd. Then rode past me the thoughtless, silly fop, stiff with importance—the genteel scoundrel covered with hypocrisy—and next came the brainless spendthrift and high buck, dashing by under the best speed that whip and spur could provoke. They were as insensible to any feeling of humanity as the blasted cedars which they passed.

At length the cavalcade, covered with dust and sweat, arrived at the place of execution. It was on a hill, where there was a little scoup of ground. The gallows consisted of two posts set in the ground about twelve feet apart, with a yoke or cap about twelve or fourteen feet high. The wagon was driven under the yoke and stopped. A clergyman, (a Methodist or Baptist—an old man) mounted the death cart, and spoke in substance and nearly in language, as follows: "Let all be still! Is it not a time to be still? when we are plucking a brand from the eternal burning! There was no sacrifice before God offered up his son, but when he came we had a sacrifice for our sins, and unless you repent he will cover you with his wrath. Here we see the results of a sinful course, the wages of sin is death. Our country ought to be proud of her laws, and if any disobey them they must pay the penalty. But I warn you fellow sinners to quit your career of folly. You are wasting your time and plunging your souls into endless misery! There is a hell of endless misery, notwithstanding there are some that deny it! If the ax was laid at the root of your tree could you be composed—could you escape an endless hell! Prepare one and all to meet your God. He will remember them that are righteous in the earth, and the sinner will sink to endless despair. He hath showed the, O man, what is good to do justly, *love mercy* and walk humbly with thy God. Joshua and Caleb, only

were permitted to enter the promised land, and that because they were righteous, and if you would escape a merited hell you must repent. From a conversation with this man (the prisoner) I have confidence that he has a hope. We do not wish to frighten you, but we warn you to escape the wrath to come." After an exhortation of about fifteen minutes, of the most disconnected, random sort—of which the above is all in substance and order that was said, and I must say I have never heard so much wrath poured out in so short a time, for the little man seemed to struggle with superhuman effort to grasp the "balance and the rod." He asked the prisoner if he could tell how he felt. The prisoner began, and his exhortation which, like the clergyman's, was directed towards sinners and full of woe, continued about 15 minutes. His language was of the worst possible kind, hardly intelligible, and his ideas as crude as those of a Hottentot. In fact, the man had not, so far as I could discover, a single intelligent and distinct idea of Christianity. He had heard of God, judgment and Hell, but he showed no signs of ever having lived in the midst of a Christian community, much less in a city of thirty churches. His notions of repentance, faith, and practical religion, were rude, and I may say, brutal. I must say I never realized so sensibly before in my life, the awfulness of a soul degraded by ignorance—of benighted intellect, of manliness crushed and blotted out. I could give you the most of his speech but I must depart from the record. As the most intelligent of his remarks he said, "at the last day the angel would blow a blast on his trumpet louder than ten thousand thunder claps. God would appear with a rainbow upon his head, and in one hand a fan, and vengeance in the other, he would have ten thousand scowls upon his face." The hangman stopped his harangue, which only caused a laugh to stir the whole multitude during its delivery, and which, indeed, was disgusting, and ordered him to stand upon his coffin. The rope was fastened to a beam above, the knot tightened, and the cap drawn over the eyes. The victim singing a song, bade all good by. The Sheriff ordered the teamster to drive on, and the prisoner swung from his coffin in the cart into eternity. At this awful sight not a feeling stirred in the thousands that looked upon that solemn and cruel act by which a fellow creature was severed from life and launched into the unknown future. Had they been so many blasted pines, and bronzed statues there could have been no less feeling manifested. There was not a single indication that there was a human heart under a single bosom.

Carriages full of ladies looked upon the scene of legal butchery, with features unmoved, as though they had been wax. The slave and the master were alike insensible to the feelings of a common humanity. There was the stolid slave giggling and jabbering in his broken manner—the free negro still more insensible, if possible—there was the young and old, grave and gay, the "*unco quid*," and the vicious, the gay harlot and yellow mistress—and would you have seen the heavings of that chest, the struggle of the lungs to get their accustomed air, you would have realized that it is indeed but murder to thus destroy life. And when the officer cut the rope and the body fell to the ground like a dead dog there was nothing in expression to rebuke that cruelty which law compels to be exercised toward man, but which, if manifested towards a brute, would be rebuked by the outrage which it inflicted upon every feeling of humanity within us; and when the crowd dispersed after justice had drank its gory draught and been satisfied, law vindicated, God honored and mankind *reformed* and bettered, after an example of Christian character, of right moral influence had been given, the people returned as rejoicingly as though they had been to a horse race or barbacue. The officers slouched the body into the coffin-box as though it had been a slaughtered wolf, and dropped it into the grave as careless as though it was to be raised at night and flung upon the dissecting table of the morrow.

In all the affairs of life I have never seen partialism so much in its glory, in its native atmosphere of cruelty as when arrayed beside capital punishment. The latter I have witnessed in its fulness and perfection, and I am sure it is revolting enough, and endless misery alone can beat it. But of all the means of rendering the hearts of the people insensible—of hardening them—that have ever been devised, there is not one, I believe, better calculated to effect its object than capital punishment publicly inflicted. I do not wonder that partialists are such strong advocates of the death penalty, for I have seen with what gusto one of their clergy can participate in its horrid rites. As the appetite of the starved whelp is fitted for a full gorge, and its fierceness increased to a doleful howl by lapping the blood where the hunter slew his game, so the advocates of endless misery seem to be rejoiced at the legal murder of a fellow being; their lamentations of woe are louder and longer. Experience has taught the people of your state, that public executions are demoralizing, and they are now confined to the jail limits.

And I believe the time is not far distant when the doctrine of endless misery will be seen by all to be demoralizing; and when the grand tragedy of a damned race and ruined universe, will no longer be acted in the pulpit, as it now is from Sabbath to Sabbath. Long enough has it made men insensible to the mild influences of the Gospel, and chilled the humanities of pure and undefiled religion. Let us seek in the spirit of the Gospel to reform men here, and trust that God will do his will in heaven. Let us qnit the practices of a barbarous people, and leave the dogmas of heathanism to heathenish minds, and men will grow better, and learn to love God because he first loved us.

Richmond, Va.

Original.

IMPORTANCE OF A CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. M. RAYNER.

Christians, of all denominations, agree that the holy Scriptures are the only sufficient rule of faith and practice. But there is much diversity of opinion even among learned Theologians, as to what the Scriptures *do teach*; and that, in relation to several highly important, and very interesting subjects. One section of the christian church, (the Romish) claims for itself *infallability*, in the interpretation of Scripture. A claim, which protestant christians believe to be wholly unfounded. Yet protestant sects claim for themselves that which virtually amounts to the same thing, namely: that *their* interpretations, or those which are given by their Ministers and Commentators are correct, and that all others—or all contrary ones, are erroneous, and of course injurious. In this state of things, some safe and salutary directions—if such can be given—for the right understanding of the teachings of the holy scriptures must be very important and desirable. This is the subject of the present article.

And in the first place we would premise that the scriptures were given to mankind as *rational* beings, and consequently that they should be so interpreted as not, in any instance, to contradict the reason and common sense of mankind. Yet it is evident that there are doctrines frequently taught for truth, by those who claim to take the Scriptures for their guide, which set reason at utter defiance.

Such, for instance, is the doctrine of the *Trinity*, that there are three distinct, equal persons in the Godhead; and that each of those persons, independently of either, or both the others, is the "*very* and *eternal God*;" and

that there is but *one God, only*. It ought not merely to be said of this, that it is *mysterious* and incomprehensible, when it evidently and entirely contradicts the plainest perceptions of reason, which must unavoidably revolt at so palpable an absurdity. It is as plain a contradiction as it would be to affirm that a person *exists*, and is *not* exist, at the same time. That the Scriptures of truth, teach such an absurdity, can, we think, be admitted only by those, who are willing to subscribe to the statement of the famous preacher,* some time since, in Washington, who it is said, advanced the position that "where religion begins, reason ends."

There are several other doctrines, which are equally incorrent to the reason and sober judgment of mankind, which yet are claimed by their advocates, to be based upon the authority of that divine revelation, which was given to enlighten, instruct and edify God's rational and intelligent offspring. Such is the doctrine of the supposed revolt and fall of an indefinite number of the heavenly angels, and their banishment from the celestial regions, with Lucifer, the Old Serpent, or Satan, the *supposed leader* in the revolt; and who is now a personal, malignant Devil, who, with his infernal legions, is still opposing and warring against the authority and Government of Jehovah, and making numerous reprisals (excuse the term) from the King of kings, and Lord of lords! Such inconsistent, and we must say, ridiculous fictions, have long been inculcated by grave and learned Divines. Shall we receive them as truths? Shall their boasted *antiquity* and their *long forbearance*, shield them from a close and vigorous investigation? We think not. To the law and to the testimony, to the scriptures of the Old and New Testament, let the appeal be made, and let it be constantly repeated. Like the noble Bereans, let us "search the Scriptures, *daily*, whether these things are so."

There are other doctrines which have for ages been taught and held as sacred and inviolable truths; and to deny, or to doubt them, has been considered and branded as rank and almost hopeless infidelity; but with which *reason* has certainly no alliance; and for which, it is believed, the holy *scriptures* fairly and consistently explained and understood, offered no competent support.

Such is the *fall of man*, by the supposed instigation of the devil in the form of a serpent—a "beast of the field which the Lord God had made." Such, also, are the doctrines of total depravity, vicarious suffering and atonement; the *infinity* of sin, by a confessedly finite being, and *infinite punishment*, to be inflicted by a God and Father, whose very nature is *love*, and upon his *own dependent offspring!* Does reason give its sanction to such doctrines? Is the proceedure which they necessarily ascribe to the Supreme Being, consistent with the principle of strict *justice*, leaving benevolence and mercy wholly out of the question? Who answers? Who can answer in the affirmative?

But do the *Scriptures* inculcate the above named doctrines? If they do, then the *bible* and *reason*, each of them, equally, the gift of God, are at utter variance.

We come now, more particularly, to the object of the present article. We must necessarily be brief; we intend also to be perspicuous. We are to attempt some brief and salutary directions for the right understanding of the teachings of holy Scripture.

And in the first place we would say, we should not attempt to *mend* the sacred records—to add to or diminish aught from them. The *translation* might, perhaps, in some instances, be made better, but the inspired writings themselves can need no emendation; and should, in no instance, be altered to suit our own judgments, or fancies, or to make them more correspondent with some favorite creed, formed by art and man's device. Our English translation of the Bible is, perhaps, justly liable to an objection in this particular. We find in many passages, a word, and often several words, for which there is no authority given in the original language of those passages; and sometimes those *supplied* words materially alter the sense of the passage in which they occur. Let a single instance, out of many, be cited. In the 5th chapter of 2d Corinthians and 10th verse, we have the following passage: "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things *done* in *his* body, according to that he hath done, whether *it be* good or bad." Here it may be seen are four supplied words. Take particular notice how the passage reads *with* those supplied words, and then notice the variation in the sense when those words are omitted; it would then read as follows: For we must all appear before the Judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done IN BODY, according to that he hath done, whether good or bad." It is true that care has been taken, generally, to designate the supplied words, by putting them in a different type—in *italics*—but to this the common reader pays little or no attention, if he is even aware of the design of this difference in the print. That the true meaning of the Scriptures has been misunderstood, and perverted by the circumstance just mentioned, there is litle doubt.

And then again, how often do we hear from the *pulpit*, statements made which are evidently intended to be received by the hearers, as the authoritative declarations of holy scripture, when indeed they are far from it. Let a few instances be given: "The wages of sin is *eternal* death." "If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come, or, as it is sometimes quoted, "where God and Christ is, ye can never come." No self-murderer can ever enter the kingdom of heaven." Such declarations have often been made, both publicly, and to individuals; expressed with great energy, and with strong emphasis; but scripture authority for them is not to be found. Such assertions are therefore wholly unwarranted, and presumptuous. In closing our remarks upon this point, we take leave to mention an incident that occurred on a certain occasion. We were conversing with a zealous professor of religion—of the true *orthodox* stamp—as that term is commonly understood. Like many others, he was strongly opposed to the doctrine of universal salvation; considered it of most dangerous and licentious tendency; and entirely without support in the sacred scriptures. As proof positive—as he supposed—that the doctrine could not be true, he remarked as follows—"For you know the Bible says, 'As the tree falls, so it lies, and as death leaves us, judgment will find us.'" We told him the passage he had recited, was not in the Bible. He affirmed very positively, that it was in the Bible, just as he had quoted it; and, said he, "if I do not find it, and show it to you, I'll *give* you a Bible." We desired him to take sufficient time to examine, and to satisfy himself, and then to let us know the result of his labors. Some six or eight weeks after, he called on us again, and then acknowledged he could not find that passage. I declined insisting upon the fulfillment of his promise, to give me a Bible. We parted in friendship, and I have not seen him since; but presume he has not yet made the important discovery of the passage so *desirable*, and so *eagerly sought*.

From this incident, and from the other [illegible] quotations, above alluded to, we would suggest the necessity, and earnestly urge the importance of a careful study and examination of the holy scriptures; so that when false or incorrect quotations are made, either from the pulpit, or in private conversation, we may be able at once to detect the error, and may know, of a certainty, "what the SPIRIT saith unto the Churches."

Another important direction for the right understanding of the scriptures, is, to consider particular passages with a careful regard to the *subject* to which they have reference, and to their *preceding* and *following context*. For want of attention to this obviously necessary rule, many passages of scripture have been arbitrarily con-

*Rev. Mr. Maffit.

strued, without regard to the subject concerning which the inspired writer was speaking, and of course such passages have been made to convey ideas which the writer never intended, and which, therefore, must be erroneous. How can it be expected that an exposition of a particular text should be correct, which is made without any reference to its connection, and without regard to the general, or the particular subject, concerning which the writer is treating? Let an instance be given of this manner of interpretation. In Mark xvi. 16, it is declared that —"he that believeth not, shall be damned." This detached part of a sentence has been seized upon by pulpit orators, and eagerly referred to by private disputants, as full and *satisfactory* proof! that the doctrine of Universal salvation is utterly *false;* and *that* of eternal damnation, and endless punishment and misery, in a future state, for a portion, and a very large portion of the human race, as certainly *correct*, and *true* as the declaration of heaven can make it. But have those who have given this exposition of the words above quoted, noticed carefully their immediate connection with what precedes and follows them? We should think they had not, for we find it stated at the 14th verse of the chapter, that Jesus, after his resurrection, appeared unto the *eleven Apostles*, as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their *unbelief*, and hardness of heart. Must they too be eternally damned, because they believed not? But the verse immediately following the declaration which we are considering, shows the absolute necessity of a careful regard to the connection in which particular passages are found, —as well that we may know what they do not, and *cannot be intended* to teach, as what they *do* inculcate. A short incident here again occurs to us, which is fully to our purpose.

We were conversing—some time since, with a *Presbyterian Clergyman*, upon the subject of Universalism. Like the one alluded to in the former incident, he was strongly opposed to the doctrine of Universal Grace, which we advocated. He mentioned several passages of scripture, which, as he claimed, fully disproved the doctrine, and closed his quotations with, "He that believeth—shall be saved, and he that believeth not, shall be damned." *There*, said he, (and we well recollect his language) "that *settles* the matter." We replied that we remembered well, the words he had quoted, and the connection in which they occurred; and we then enquired of him, if *he recollected* the very next verse in the passage. After some hesitation, he replied that he did not. We then repeated it, in connection with his quotation, as follows—"He that believeth—shall be saved, and he that believeth not, shall be damned; and these *signs shall follow them that believe:* in my name shall they cast out devils, &c. They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." We then asked him if these signs followed *him;* and if he could lay his hands on the sick and recover them to immediate health. He replied that he did not pretend to any such power. We then remarked to him that as the signs which it is said *shall* follow them that believe, did not follow him, of course he believed *not;* and therefore, according to his own quotation, and the meaning he put upon it, he must inevitably be damned; and there could be no hope for him. He turned away and left us.

I have related this incident—which literally occurred—to show the indispensable necessity of carefully observing the subject and the connection of particular and important passages of Scripture, in order to discover their true meaning and import. Due attention to this method of examining the sacred writings, would, it is believed, make it very evident, that very erroneous constructions have been put upon *many portions* of them—such, for example, as the 24th and 25th chapters of Matthew; the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and very many other passages.

We close our remarks in the language of one of the short prayers in the Episcopal Liturgy. "Blessed Lo who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for o learning: Grant that we may in such wise hear then read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them; that b patience and comfort of thy holy word, we may embra and ever hold fast, the blessed hope of everlasting lif which thou hast given us in our Savior, Jesus Christ.- Amen."

HOPE FOR THE MOURNERS.

BY BERARD BARTON.

"But it shall come to pass that at evening-time it shall be light.- Zac. xiv. 7.

We journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.

Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,
"Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light!

"Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud
And bid the sunshine smile

Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine,
And ere thy sun shall set in death
His light shall round thee shine.

"When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace.
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
Betokening storms shall cease.

Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled,
At eve it shall be light."

Original.

THE CREED AND CHARACTER OF THE PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES.

BY PHILO EVANGELION.

"Then Jesus said unto them, Take heed, and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees."—MATTHEW xvi. 6.

The leaven, or doctrine of both the Pharisees and the Sadducees was utterly opposed to the Gospel which our blessed Savior preached. While the former inculcated and cherished the dogma *and* spirit of partialism, the Pharisees confessedly and notoriously believed or *professed* to believe in the endless misery of other than themselves; the latter maintaining a species of atheistic creed; negative of the Future Life or Resurrection from the dead. Nor was the character of the Sadducees,—"destructionists," as they may be styled, (if we must give them a sectarian appellation,) so immoral and degraded as that of the Pharisees. On the contrary, altogether wretched as is the tendency of so gloomy and uninspiring a dogma as Sadduceeism, the lives of its advocates were even pure in comparison with the execrable hypocrisies of the prototypes of modern "Orthodoxy!" See Matthew xxiii. for a graphic account of the "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," by our revered Lord himself.

Infidels at the present day, like the prototypes of the olden time,—wretched and debasing as is their "system," are not notorious for their lofty professions, like the partialists or Pharisees of the present day. Many of these miserable men have been made such by the barbarity and utter wickedness of the partialist creed; and thus, they have a just claim upon our sympathy. No doubt the moral characters of such as are thus conscientious, will

mpare advantageously with those of the bigoted—self-yled "Orthodoxy," many of whom have shown themlves to be "*full* of hypocrisy and iniquity!" Where re the Avery's, the Johnson's, the [M. H.] Smiths, *et id nne genus?*

The Scribes and Pharisees were hypocrites, notwithanding their "Orthodoxy!" And, in truth, so far from e wicked dogma of self righteousness and partiality hich they cherished, reforming their exceedingly wickd lives,—its tendency and operatiou were in the reverse rrection. The more consistent they were with the monrous notion that some of God's children shall be torented, world without end, the more they *hated* as may as they presumed to decide to be objects of Divine rrath!

Can any dogma be more appallingly wicked—more rreverent—more blasphemous, than such an anti-chrisan conceit? And what doctrine is that, which with uch bitterness *and unscrupulousness*, opposes Universasm—corresponding as does that Blessed Teaching, with e Impartiality, the Justice, the Mercy—the Grace, so mpressively inculcated by our adored Lord and Master. What *doctrine* is that, I would ask, which so bitterly and o unscrupulously *attacks Christianity, if it be not this ery Pharisaic dogma* of partial favor,as opposed to Uiersal Grace—of unending wretchedness, as opposed to e Scriptural Teachings of Universal Life in Christ?

What a beautiful and exact parallel exists between Universalism and the Teachings of our Blessed Savior —Primitive Christianity? Matth. v. 44—48. vii. 11; uke xx. 35, 36. And how striking is the analogy beween modern partialism and Phariseeism; nor is *modrn* Infidelity—so far as a denial of the Future Immor al State is concerned, unlike the "leaven" of the Saddueees! How prone are modern Pharisees to avail themelves of every unfair method to excite prejudice against he Heavenly Doctrine of Divine Impartial Grace! They are not apt to look at the *beam* in their own eye. But how easy is it for Universalists, by investigating the tatistics of the criminal calender—by presenting a few of the abundant facts our *penitentiaries* unfold, to *demontrate* at once, the injustice of partialist superciliousness and self-righteousness! It is well known that while *no Universalists* have been found in any of the State Prisons, when investigations have been made, as to the docrinal creeds of criminals,—partialists in *abundance* have been found in them!

"In 1824, the State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., was examined, and a thorough search made among the convicts, and not *one* Universalist could be found, while multitudes were found there shut up, who were staunch believers in endless misery. The same State Prison* has recently been examined, and in addition to the fact that among more than nine hundred convicts, *not one* acknowledged himself a Universalist, *sixteen* preachers of endless misery were incarcerated within the walls of that prison. The other State Prison in New York, was examined a few years since, and out of six hundred convicts, not *one* Universalist could be found. In 1836, the Ohio penitentiary, at Columbus, was visited and searched, and of three hundred and five convicts, about two-hundred and ninety-five were on the popular 'safe side'"

I will conclude this article by adducing another instance of Pharisaic, alias partialist hypocrisy, in an article clipped from the *Richmond (Va.) Whig*, which for quiet humor in exposing *hypocritical pietism*, is not every day surpassed. No doubt "*this devout Mr Goodin*," was entirely anti-Universalist in his "*creed*" while both his "*créed*" and his conduct were in perfect keeping with the legitimate tendency of partialism.

25 DOLLARS REWARD!

DEPARTED suddenly from Farmville, Prince Edward County, Va., on the 5th July, 1848, with oth er people's property, SAMUEL GOODIN. This amiable gentleman is about 25 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, a light, bushy head of hair, and small pale blue and squinting eyes. He is fond of telling and laughing at his own jokes, but never brings a smile from the lips of others, except when he prays: for he professes to be a great Methodist. He is also exquisitely fond of singing spiritual songs. He would frequently sing thus:

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven, &c.,
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven," &c.

In one of his moods of devotional rapture, he departed with the high praises of God in his mouth, and my horse and buggy in his possession. The buggy has a straight body. The horse is a dark bay, 6 years old, and roanish about the tail. This devout Mr. Goodin was raised in Lunenburg; a carpenter by trade; served a short time as a wagon-maker, and then took up with stage-driving, and then again took up the carpenter's trade—more recently, however, I will state that he is a buggy driver. I will not charge him with stealing, but he *merely took the buggy*. Where art thou, now, oh! Goodin—and where is the spirit which once prompted thee to pray and sing aloud! O Goodin, where is thy consistency!

For the recovery of the horse and buggy, or for apprehending, securing and beating, the said pious Mr. Samuel Goodin, the above reward will be given. He is supposed to be going to Mississippi.

WILLIAM H. POWERS.

Farmville, July, 1848.

Most fully do I subscribe to the justice of the following extract from Brs. Tomlinson and Livermore's "Orthodoxy as it is"—part II. chapter III. "They who have attended upon the popular ministrations [perversions] of the word, have heard descriptions of the licentiousness of the Faith which we cherish, and examples have been referred to, which never existed, and which never will exist, probably, as proof; and in innumerable instances, those who have given them, have been called upon for more substantial evidence, and have been unable to furnish it." ——— ——— ——— are the *persons, places and dates of such false facts!*

GENIUS.

He is not the greatest man, who, with a giant intellect, can startle the multitude as with sudden thunder. The impression left behind is not agreeable and lasting. He who would stir up the soul, must have a calm, sympathizing heart. It is this which vibrates through the human heart, leaps in the warm pulses, and urges us to deeds of mercy. The man whose sympathies are with common humanity—whose heart is moved by pure benevolence—breathes thoughts that will never die. Like the silent dews, they descend in the bosom to cheer, to bless and to save. The breath of true life is thus felt in the heart.

THE ROCKS OF CALVARY.

In Fleming's Christology, it is stated that an unbeliever, visiting the sacred places of Palestine, was shown the clifts of Mount Calvary. Examining them narrowly and critically, he turned in amazement to his fellow travellers and said, "I have long been a student of nature, and I am sure the clefts and rents in this rock were never done by nature, or an ordinary earthquake; for, by such a concussion, the rock must have split according to the veins, and where it was weakest in the adhesion of parts; for this," said he, "I have observed to have been done in other rocks when separated or broken after an earthquake; and reason tells me it must always be so. But it is quite otherwise here; for the rock is split athwart and across the veins, in a most strange and pretenatural manner; and therefore, "said he, "I thank God that I came hither to see the standing mounment of a miraculous power of which God gives evidence to this day of the Divinity of Christ."

*Chappell's Theological Chart, quoted in "Orthodoxy, as it is"—Ed 1845.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

New-York:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

DR. BUSHNELL AND PROGRESS.

The most prominent man now in the ranks of the Orthodox, is the Rev. Dr. Bushnell of Hartford, Conn. He is untiring in his inquiries after truth, and fearless in the avowal of his matured opinions. His ministering brethren listen with trembling anxiety, whenever he speaks on any important occasion. From his past course they expect some new step to be taken towards the liberal theology; and they know that if taken, his giant tread will convulse their whole Israel. They are not however willing to disown him, for they hope that he will yet halt in his journey, before he has passed all their narrow landmarks. Very recently, he delivered the Annual Discourse before the Divinity School connected with Harvard University. As an intellectual effort, it has rarely been equalled in the American pulpit. The subject was the Atonement, on which Dr. B. has a new theory, different both from the Trinitarian and Unitarian theories. From the best reports that we have obtained, we understand him to hold, that the only thing necessary to an atonement, or more properly speaking, to an *at-one-ment*, was *such an overpowering exhibition of the love and mercy of God to wicked men, as would effectually subdue, humble and convert them.* Such an exhibition, he believed, has been made in the death of Christ. It was made for that specific purpose, and for that only. That object was reached and secured, and that only, because that only was necessary. In the light of this position, Dr. B. went back to the time of Irenæus, and summarily, and as some have said, rather cavalierly, disposed of all the opinions of the churches from his day down to the present, and alleged that the *commercial* view of the atonement or the payment of a given sum for the redemption of man; the view which represents Christ as having endured *a quantum of suffering exactly equal* to that which the redeemed would have suffered; the *vicarious* theory, which puts Christ in the room and in the stead of sinners; and the theory that he was a mere *martyr* or *teacher* or *exemplar* or a *revealator of a future state*, are all equally erroneous.

Dr Bushnell then advanced to his *second* position, namely, that all those passages which speak of Christ as a passover, as a propitiation, as a lamb slain, &c. &c., refer to his work *objectively* and not *subjectively*, and that they are therefore, in perfect harmony with the impressive, subjective view of the *at-one-ment* which had been presented. This use of language by the sacred writers, putting the *objective* for the *subjective*, is a figure of speech which obtains among ourselves, as when we say, it "appears to us," "it is obvious to us," the objective is put for the subjective, and yet we do not mean that any external object "appears" or is visible to us, but that we ourselves so understand the matter.

Dr. Bushnell assigned a distinct locality to all the leading theories of the atonement. On the left hand of the truth, he said, the Unitarian theory stands; which, he alleged, is too cold, too heartless, too inoperative upon the human character to secure true conversion to God and a consequent holy life; and on the right hand, is the Romish theory, with its mass, and its host, and its wafers, savoring altogether too much of gross materialism to exert any permanent and saving influence upon men. Nothing but the great central truth, that the love of God to guilty men has been so wonderfully illustrated in the cross of his Son, as to humble and subdue and purify and save, is the scriptural representation of the work of Christ.

In the conclusion, Dr. B. said that this objective view of the work of Christ is apparently opposed to his theory, but the opposition is apparent and not real, and that this objective or external view is that which has sustained the faith and animated the hopes, and put the song of victory into the lips of apostles, confessors, martyrs, and other christians in all ages of the church, in their dying hours, and that therefore it is to be highly respected and continually employed, to fill the soul with confidence and joy and triumph in its conflict with the king of terrors, and to fit it for heaven.

The contrast, between Dr. Bushnell and his ministering brethren, is very great. He is for progress, they are for standing still; he thinks men may attain to higher and better views of Christianity, they think that the fathers saw all the truth; he thinks that the golden age is in the future, they think it in the past. Hence, they are perpetually looking back, turning over their creed, consulting the fathers, and studying musty records. Especially is this the case with the old school believers in endless misery. It has been well remarked, that they keep as closely as possible to the doctrinal models of the fathers, and that the dust of Edwards is worth more to them than all the brilliant discoveries of the present century. It is strange that the past should exert over them such a power when they know that the men who made the past had not the learning, benevolence, or the mature judgment of the present age. Some of them, it is true, were great men, but they saw through thick clouds of superstition, which since their times have been swept away. The childish notion with which we commence life, that the fathers must have been right, because they lived so near the time of Christ, can have no influence except with those who are mere children in knowledge and judgment, the fathers to which those look who stand perpetually with their back to the future, lived but a few ages since; and between them and Christ were long centuries of darkness and corruption and superstition—centuries that were so given up to error and folly and mummery, as to make a deep and wide chasm between the time of Christ and the men who made the creed to which the opposers of progress cling as if handed down, unchanged, untainted, from Christ through successive ministers, all of whom have had the same belief! But that long line of ministers has no existence; you may trace it back for a few centuries; its end will be near the reformation, and the part of the line will be found coming out from a church corrupt in its faith, licentious in its practices, and blasphemous in its pretensions!

O. A. S.

THE OCCASIONAL SERMON BY BR. BROWNE.

The able and eloquent discourse, delivered by Br. L. C. Browne, before the Connecticut State Convention, at its late session in Stamford, will, in conformity with the vote of the Council, appear in the Messenger, and Ambassador, and afterwards be struck off in pamphlet form. It is on the subject of *Ministerial Changes*, a theme, that of late, seems to be attracting the attention which it deserves. We know that we speak the sentiment of all who heard it, when we say that it deserves to rank with the best discourses that have been delivered before any of our public bodies. As but few of those for whose especial benefit it was intended were priviledged to listen to its delivery, it is proposed to have it printed, so that it may be more extensively circulated among the Societies in Connecticut. Though intended particularly for that section, it will, like the almanacks, answer for adjoining Meridians without material variation. Those who desire copies of the discourse, are requested to send in their orders immediately so that we may know how large an edition to print.

S. C. B.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. BALCH.

No. XII.

June 10, 1848.

Leaving Liverpool and dashing along to Chustro, an old Roman town, still surrounded by a wall, on the top of which we walked, looking out from the tower on which Charles stood and saw his army defeated. Going down into the old Roman Bath in the cellar of a hucksters shop, (mid barrels, tubs, baskets, &c.) from which passages lead off to the Chapel, Abbey and Convent—the women coming well nigh to a quarrel because we were granted the privilege of seeing the miserable lumbered-up place—visiting the many other old relics; then pushing on to Holywell, where we stopped at the wonderful spring which gushed up in the precise spot where St. Winefred's head lay after it had been ungallantly severed by Cardoc, who in his rage at the rejection of the pure saint to the importunities of his Royal love, had dared to do so base a deed. Her pious Uncle, Beuno, being informed of the fact, hastened to the spot took it up, and carried it back to the body, from which it had rolled several rods, and reunited it to the body, and the good lady lived fifteen years longer! so says the legend. It was, and still is, an object of great curiosity. It is a spring of pure, cool water, of a capacity equal to 240 tons in two minutes. It has been visited by great and pious men for many hundred years, and pilgrimages to it were encouraged by Pope Martin V., who furnished the Abby with indulgence and pardons to to sell to the devotees who frequented it. The moss upon the rocks about the well are said to emit a sanctifying odor, and the water to possess, by intercession, sanative properties for those who have faith. There is still a superstition among men that great cures are made by the use of the water. As an emblem of this, in the arches over the well, staves and crutches, innumerable, are stuck up, as trophies of its miraculous virtues.

The boiling spring is enclosed by a stone wall, nearly round, with columns rising from the top to support the elegant arched roof, over which is a Chapel, containing some very grotesque figures, in the style of its finish. There is a walk all about the well, within the building. A few feet below the well, and close to the building is a large pool, some fifteen feet wide and thirty long, and five deep. Little stalls are kept in the building where bathing dresses are furnished. Having great faith in the curative properties of pure cold water, as well as a preventative, and withall loving a good cold bath right well, we applied for the privilege of a bath. We were furnished with a pair of the smallest and shortest kind of breeches, the like, we never wore, but on one occasion, before. A dozen, or more, gentlemen and ladies were standing about the well, and we waited some time for them to leave. But the old woman in attendance told us it was customary to go in as we were. So out we rushed and plunged in, dashing and splashing, swimming and floating, in a way that elicited expressions of great admiration from living witnesses, if it shocked the gravity of departed saints. The water was at a temperature of about 55 deg. and we enjoyed it right well. No doubt many have been cured by drinking this and bathing in it, especially if attended with proper care in exercise and diet. In this lay the secret of the miraculous virtues, which the priests, better informed in sanative principles than the ignorant devotees, turned it all to the glory of the Church! At any rate, it is an interesting spot, both in the memories and mysteries of the past, and in the curiosity and healthfulness of the present.

From Holywell we went on among the numerous objects and and pleasant to look upon, which we have not room now to describe. C——— is a romantic little town, with its old Castle Suspension Bridge, massive walls, and hills about it. Bangor is a pretty place of a smart business in the slate trade, immense quantities of which are shipped from this place to all parts of Europe and America. One quarry, near this place, employs 260 men, besides those at the wharf. Bangor is situated close under a high hill, has a main and several lateral streets, a large Cathedral and some very respectable buildings. It is a place of resort during the warm weather, and is, at present, the terminus of the Chester and Holyhead Rail Road. We noticed one thing in particular—the neat handsome women. Most of the Welch peasantry women dress in a style very peculiar. They wear short dresses of common stuff, generally dark, with white capes, and white ruffled caps, and men's hats, or rather like men's with high sugar-loaf crowns and broad brims. The dress gives them a peculiar and rather pleasing appearance. They are celebrated for their industry, always knitting, even when walking in the streets, or to and from the village, sometimes with a basket on their head and a child slung on their shoulders. The practice of knitting we have observed in every part of Wales.

We left Bangor on foot, for the Meni Bridge, a noble structure across the Meni Straits to Anglesea. The extreme length of the chain is 1715 feet; height of road-way from high water, 100; the tide rises 25 feet; ships sail under it. There are 7 piers 65 feet above high water, with arches of 52 1-2 feet span. The two suspending piers are 153 feet high, which is 53 feet above the road. There are two carriage-ways of 12 feet each, and a foot path between. The chains (16) consist of 5 bars 10 feet long, 3 inches wide and 1 thick, and with six connecting lengths at each joint, 1 foot 4 inches, by 8, and 1 thick, secured by two bolts at each joint, each weighing 50 lbs. The total weight of iron in the chain is 4,373,281 pounds! Just below this bridge the Rail Road Company are building another, which will be more wonderful still. It is to be an iron tunnel, sustained by abutments, and a single pier in the center. The two tunnels are in progress, and when completed will weigh 2000 tons each! These are to be raised from a raft, on which they will be floated along side of the pier, and then raised more than 100 feet to their places. At the entrance to the bridge two lions of monstrous dimensions are already mounted, which can be seen for many miles. Just below the bridge is the mansion of the Marquis of Anglesea, which has a window for each day in the year. It is beautifully situated, but he never comes to see it. He lost a leg at Waterloo, in memory of which an obelisk, some 70 feet high, has been raised near the Meni Bridge, on a high piece of ground.

We hailed a little sail boat and took passage for Canaroon, which we reached at 11. This town has one of the largest castles we have seen, covering 2 1-2 acres. Its walls are 17 feet thick, still standing. It has seven high towers, in one of which we were shown the room, 7 by 11 feet, in which Edward, the first prince of Wales was born. Having spent time enough to look at all that is curious or wonderful about the town we took passage in a box drawn by a horse, on a railway three feet wide, used for conveying slate from the ledge to the wharf, at C. We rode in this way with a dozen others with us, 8 miles to the quarry. The working of slate is the great business of Wales. The excavations are immense, and piles of the refuse are heaped up 20 to 40 feet high, for miles, covering acres of ground. With budgets in hand we again started on for Snowden, passing through a romantic region, beside lakes, under cliffs, by extensive mineries, and arrived at the foot of the mountain at night, where we stopped with a family who could not speak English. We contrived to make ourselves understood and were comfortably provided for.

Next morning we rose at 4 and started at 5 for the summit of the highest land in Wales. The ascent from this side is very grand. When near the top, for twenty rods the track winds along a cragged ridge, not over 6 to 10 feet wide in some places, on either side the precipice, almost perpendicular, descends near 2000 feet. The view from the top is extensive and grand. Rough cragged hills rising to sharp points, deep gorges, green vales. silvery lakes, mendering streams, dashing cascades, large herds of cattle and white cottages sprinkled in the vallies, all conspired to enrich the scene. Two parties had been there before us, having started at midnight, *to see the sun rise*, a most interesting affair to such as probably never see it rise in any other place. There are two rude houses built on the summit for the comfort of visitors, stored with the creature comforts. The only one open is a temperance house, and on the door of the other the everlasting words, every where to be seen, "Licensed to sell ale, beer, wine, rum, &c."

We hastened our descent in order to take a coach for—we knew not where. On our way we fell in with some men with a pack of hounds on a fox-hunt, and remarked as a little singular, that the flocks of sheep were not the least frightened by the barking and yelling of the dogs. We were barely seated at the table when up came the Coach, and hallo went the guard. We took the eggs, bread and butter, paid our kind hostess, who pitied us for our loss, and mounted the seat. "I'll wager them are yankees," said a man beside the driver. "Why so," asked I? "Because we will not be starved to death when the world owes us a living." Come to find out, he was from New York, and knew me personally.

But my sheet is nearly full and I must hasten through some of the grandest, prettiest, and most variable scenery I ever saw. We passed Pitt's Head, a huge stone standing out alone, with the features of a human face: Tremaddoc, overhanging cliffs, Port Maddock; the beautiful and romantic seat of Mrs. Ashley, a most lovely place, much frequented by the lovers of rural scenery; Idris, the second mountain in Wales; then pass through a dark ravine along the side of the mountain, 300 feet below the vale, and the hill rising more than 1000 feet almost perpendicularly above us; the vale and lake of Tabby-Lyn; the thunder storm which overtook us in that lonely glen; Machynlleth, a smart town; a poor population in several villages, but the women all knitting, &c. we reached the beautiful town of Aberystwyth. the Newport of Wales, only a far pleasanter place in some respects. A cresent of 60 elegant houses fronts the cave where the seas tumble in, and cars are fitted up for bathers. But leaving this place, and speeding on our way, over a hill road, through a wild and romantic country, stocked with sheep, here and there a little town with streets full of knitters with hats on, we reached Kingston, where a new scene burst upon us; groves of trees, large orchards of apples, pears, plums, &c., of which Wales is wholly destitute; immense herds of cattle and finely cultivated fields, all the way to Hurford and Glocester. At Glocester we spent the Sabbath. In the forenoon we went to the Cathedral, hearing one of the weakest school-boy sermons, from an old man, I ever listened to; saw the tomb of Bp. Warburton, and many other distinguished men. In the afternoon we attended the Unitarian.

The Glocester Directory says the "Unitarian Chapel is one of the oldest non-conforming Chapels in England, and was built in 1699. The Rev. Mr. Forbes was the first minister. He was ejected from the Glocester Cathedral by the act of Uniformity, in 1662. So it seems that Bp. Warburton was preceded by a liberal mind. On Bp. W's monument it is said, "He was a prelate of the most sublime genius and exquisite learning, both of which talents he employed, through a long life, in the support of what he firmly believed." He was known to be liberal in his views, and hence the peculiar wording on his tombstone. The regular Unitarian Minister was sick. The services were read somewhat in the Episcopal style, the sermon was rather dull, but faultless as to doctrine, the audience was very thin, not over 150 persons. In a conversation with the young preacher, I learned that so far as his knowledge extends, the salvation of all men is a prominent article of faith with Unitarians, and that they do not hesitate to preach it distinctly and emphatically. He is a Missionary to the poor in Bristol.

W. S. B.

AN UNREASONABLE REQUEST.

A Methodist friend writes as follows—"Prove to me, from the Bible, that all men are made holy and fitted for Heaven in this life, or that the next is a state of trial, and a Savior offered in eternity, and I am with you in faith."

We call this an unreasonable request, because it is virtually asking us to prove the truth of Methodism from the Bible, a thing which cannot be done. If our friend will believe the Savior's testimony, that, "In the Resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are equal unto the angels," or the testimony of Paul: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive;" he will then be with us in faith, though neither we nor himself should be able to prove the truth of what he proposes. We respectfully submit it to his candor and intelligence, whether ours is not the most fair and reasonable, as well as scriptural proposition.

S. C. B.

CHEERING NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

We extract the following gratifying intelligence from a letter from Br. D. B. Clayton published in the 'Star in the West.'

I have been in Mississippi nearly two years, during which time I have traveled and preached considerbly. Being in a field of labor where our faith has never before been preached, except by an occasional traveling herald of "good news," I have, of course, had a host of opposition to encounter, and have frequently heard our views of the Gospel denounced as being very inimical to true and vital godliness; our doctrine called the Devil's doctrine, ourselves his agents, &c. &c. Nothwithstanding all this, I have, generally, excellent congregations wherever I preach, and have numerous calls to which I can not possibly attend; indeed, so anxious are the people to hear "what these things mean," that were there three times the number of Sabbaths there are, I could get places to preach at every Sabbath, and good congregations of anxious inquirers to hear me every time.

I have just had a four days discussion of the merits of Universalism, as contrasted with old fashioned orthodoxy, with a Mr. Sloan a reformed Presbyterian, better known as a Seceder. Of the merits of the discussion it does not become me to speak. I will only say, that we had quite a friendly discussion. I found Mr. Sloan a pretty candid, gentlemanly opponent, and he treated me with a degree of courtesy and mildness that I have seldom received at the hands of an advocate of the endless perpetuity of Satan's kingdom. So far as my knowledge extends, the best feelings prevailed among a large and attentive audience, during the continuance of the debate. Upon the whole, I have reason to know that the result will be favorable to our cause, as some have already declared themselves satisfied that orthodoxy, so called, cannot stand the test of a scrutinizing investigation.

In conclusion, I will say that I am much deceived in the signs of the times, if the light of truth is not steadily advancing in this portion of our Master's vineyard. The only thing lacking to effect a great work here, is a few faithful and devoted preachers. Brethren, "Come over to Macedonia and help us."

I have negotiations pending for a debate at Aberdeen, with an old school Presbyterian; but do not know whether it will come off or not.

NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

Our City carrier Mr. Walsh, will wait upon such of our city Subscribers, as are in arrears, in the course of a day or two, with their bills. A prompt payment would much oblige the publishers at the present time.

CONNECTICUT STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

This body met at Stamford 23d and 24th of August 1848.—The Council was organized by appointing Rev. L. C. Browne Moderater, and Rev. T. Borden, 2d, Clerk.

United in prayer with Rev. B. B. Hallock.

Voted, that the Rev. J. J. Twiss and the Committee of the Stamford Society, arrange the order of public services.

Voted, that visiting brethren be invited to take part in the deliberations of the Council.

The Moderator appointed Brs. Tracy, Daskam and Hallock, Committee to arrange the business of the Council.

Voted, that Rev. W. A. Stickney report the statistics of the cause in this State at the next U. S. Convention.

Voted, that Rev. Moses Ballou, preach the next occasional sermon.

The business Committee reported the following Resolutions which were adopted:

Resolved, that we regard faith in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and a corresponding "holy living" necessary to entitle any preacher or layman to the Fellowship of our denomination, and that we will employ all christian means to promote a reverence for the Bible, and faith in its divine truths.

Resolved, that we sympathize with the various movements of the age, that are being made for the melioration of man's condition, so far as these movements are consonant with christian truth and practice; and that we recommend the most mild and persuasive measures for the correction of any errors in faith and practice.

Resolved, that Brs. C. Tracy, T. Borden. 2d., and J. J. Twiss, be a Committee to present the thanks of this Council to Rev. L. C. Browne, for his excellent and appropriate occasional sermon, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication in pamphlet form, and that this Committee publish the Minutes of this Convention in said pamphlet.

Whereas, we believe a useful and permanent ministry is necessary to the growth and prosperity of our common cause; and whereas we regard a liberal education in our ministers as important means of securing this end, therefore,

Resolved, that the measures which have been taken and which are now in progress for the establishment of a College, receive our hearty approval and co operation.

Whereas, a full representation in this Convention is very important, and whereas we believe the payment of the traveling expenses of delegates would greatly facilitate this object,

Resolved, that we earnestly recommend the Associations in the State to take this matter into consideration; and by this means, or some other, provide for a better representation than is usually afforded.

Resolved, that the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the friends in Stamford, for their kindness and hospitality to the members so-journing among them during its present session.

Resolved, that the Clerk prepare the Minutes of this Convention for publication in the "Ambassador and Christian Messenger," with such remarks as he may deem appropriate

Appointed the following delegates to the U. S. Convention; L. C Browne, Norwich; D. P. Livermore, Stafford; W. A. Stickney, Middletown; J. J. Turiss, Stamford, clerical; and S. K. Ambler, Danbury; W. Kelley, Norwich; A. Frink, New London; B. J. Daskam, Stamford; W. Thayer, Windsor; W. Dewey, Granby, laymen.

Adjourned to meet in Norwich, in August 1849.

Preachers present—S. C. Bulkeley, T. Borden, 2d., L. C. Browne, S. J. Hillyer, B. B. Hallock, J. J. Twiss, H. Lyon, and J. W. Dennis.

Sermons were preached by Brs. Borden 2d., Lyon, Brown Hallock, Hillyer, Dennis and Bulkeley.

T. Borden, Clerk.

Remarks.—This session of the Convention was indeed a pleasant one to all present. The meetings were not so fully attended as could have been desired,—a respectable number met to advance the cause of our Master.

The homes of friends in Stamford were opened for our reception, and our bodily wants were all kindly supplied. The kindness and hospitality extended to all present, will be long and gratefully remembered by all who had the good fortune to participate in the enjoyment which it afforded. T. B.

CONNECTICUT SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

This body met at Stamford, August 23d, 1848, and organized by appointing Rev. B. B. Hallock Chairman, and Br. Charles Tracy Secretary.

The following persons were chosen to fill the offices of the Association for the year ensuing:

President.—Br. Julius Clark, Lebanon.

Vice Presidents.—Rev. T. P. Abel, Middletown; Rev. T. Borden, 2d., Willimantic; Br. B. J. Daskam, Stamford.

Corresponding Secretary.—Rev. D. P. Livermore, Stafford.

Recording Secretary—Br. O. Utley, Middletown.

Treasurer—Br. Wm. Pratt, New London.

The following Resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That we most earnestly exhort the members of our Societies to consider the great importance of Sabbath Schools in promoting the real and permanent interests of our cause, and that they cherish and assist them by their counsel and encouragement, and by providing liberally the means adapted to increase their efficiency and usefulness.

Resolved, That we recommend to Teachers, to form themselves into Societies, for mutual Improvement in matters relating to their duties as religious instructors of youth.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend to those engaged in Sabbath School instruction, to labor to produce religious results; to lead the rising generation of Universalists to place a high estimate upon true piety and devotion, and prepare them to beautify and strengthen our Zion with deep religious feeling as well as strong religious faith.

Resolved, That we most cordially recommend the Gospel Teacher, and Child's Gospel Guide, to the generous patronage of Parents and Sabbath School Teachers, as most valuable assistants in religious education, both in the School and at home.

Rev. J. H. Farnsworth was appointed to deliver an address before the Association at its next annual Meeting.

Voted, To adjourn, to meet in Norwich, in August 1849.

B. B. Hallock, *Chairman.*

Charles, Tracy, *Secretary.*

HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION.

The official notice of the Annual Meeting of this Association can be found in another place. And to that notice we earnestly request our friends to give practical heed, as the members of the Universalist Society in this city wish to greet a goodly number from abroad.

For the accommodation of the brethren and sisters who reside in New York and vicinity, the steam-boat Fairfield will leave New York, near the foot of Dey-st., Tuesday, Sept. 5th at *five* in the afternoon. Those who take passage in the Fairfield will find themselves on board of a good boat, and in company with the most gentlemanly officers on the river.

Friends coming from Albany and Troy can take the morning boat and be here by ten o'clock. Those who come by the river, are requested to call at the National House, near the landing, where they will find a Committee to direct them to places of entertainment. Friends from the country will call at the Church. *Hudson, N. Y.* C. C.

LETTER FROM BR. DEERE.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following communication from Br. Deere. We learn from other sources that he is doing a good work in the region in which he is located.

WALLPACK, Sussex, Co., N. J., Aug. 18, 1848.

BR. BULKELEY.—A late number of your paper, brought the painful intelligence of the decease of Col. S. C. Johnes, of Hightstown, N. J. At the recent Convention in that place, I was among those kindly entertained in the family of the departed: and not soon will be effaced from my memory, the cheerfulness with which he met every draft upon his hospitality. That he has gone home, brings fresh to mind every incident of our brief acquaintance. It seems but yesterday, that our happy party, were listening to his enthusiastic recital of the early struggles of the truth about his homestead—were conversing with him upon death—upon our identity at the Resurrection. Who thought *then* that death was so near him? That strong rugged frame, that seemed the constant home of health,—who imagined the brevity of the time, before in weakness it would be sown? Man knoweth not his time, and happy for him that it is so.

You have been informed that we are building a church here. It will not be ready for dedication before the early part of October. We have, from several Newark friends, the promise of the gift of a Bible and hymn books, on that occasion. Yourself and brother Editor and others in your vicinity, have promised us the favor of your presence and labor: and at this moment nothing is seen that will prevent our enjoying a happy and profitable season.

We have *friends* here, as well as enemies—some who by their lives are showing the community, at least, the *fallibility* of those teachers here, who affirm that, "Universalists are always immoral, irreligious people." Though not the best *soil* to be found for our heavenly plant, it yet bids fair, with careful culture, to prosper. With much digging about its roots, and the gentle falling of the prayer brought dews of Heaven upon its tender leaves, it gives earnest to become a shelter to many, who have vainly sought it from other *dry trunks* around them. That God may grant our opposers *sincerity*, and our friends becoming *zeal*, is the earnest petition of

Yours in the Gospel,

GEO. B. DEERE.

DANBURY, CONN.

BR. BULKELEY.—I am now visiting with my relations in this place, which, you may recollect, is my native town. It is a source of great satisfaction to look again upon the scenes of childhood, and behold the familiar countenances of those with whom I have been accustomed to associate. There is a peculiar romance thrown over the old haunts of early years—an unspeakable charm dwelling in the faces of remembered friends which exerts an attraction and thrilling power upon the soul. The memories of olden times carry us backward to the buried past, and a solemn voice speaks tales of the vanished things that are gathered there. We now seem to live again in years that have flown; we view again scenes which have passed forever; we recall the almost forgotten events of our lives—the pleasures in which we have engaged, the joys which have gladdened our hearts, and the hopes which have thrilled our bosoms. It is well that the wanderer does not forget his home—that his heart is ever bound to it by an indestructable tie for there is a hallowed influence here which can soften his feelings and make him thoughtful and pure.

I enjoyed last week the unexpected pleasure of attending a pic-nic excursion of the Sabbath School of the Second Universalist Society. This, I believe, was the first excursion of the kind which the School here has ever enjoyed, or which has ever occurred in this town. The friends assembled at an early hour at the church, from which they proceeded in various kinds of vehicles to a beautiful grove about four miles from the village. Here we took pleasure in social converse and in admiration of the scenery until the dinner hour. This, as is generally the case on such occasions, was gladly welcomed. The table was finely arrayed under the shade of trees, and was furnished with an ample variety of provisions to tempt and satisfy the appetite. A sudden shower, however, arising just at this time, caused a very hasty disappearance of the eatables, and effected a precipitate retreat of the friends, who fled in all directions to secure such shelter as might be afforded. This, without doing much injury, soon passed away, and we returned to the replenished table, prepared to do good justice to the provisions which had been furnished. After dinner, we were favored with another very fine shower, which was received as submissively as possible, subsequently to which we engaged in some religious exercises conducted by Br. Elliott and myself. Notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances of the rain, the friends seemed to enter with a whole heart into the enjoyments of the occasion, and returned well pleased and satisfied with their excursion.

Last Sabbath I had the pleasure of preaching to our society in this place. The congregation was quite large, and a deep interest seemed to be felt in the prosperity of the cause.—The society is now relieved of the burden of its debt, and its present prospects are exceedingly flattering. Br. Elliott, who is located here, is universally esteemed, and is doing a good work for the Society. We trust the friends in this region will thank God and take courage; that they will no longer *stand still* to see the salvation of God, but will *go forward* with renwed zeal, and build up the waste places of Zion.

August 19*th* 1848. R. P. A.

NEWARK, N. J., EXCURSION.

The second Excursion of the Newark, N. J., Society, took place Tuesday, 22d ult., and a very pleasant party took passage in the Jonas Heartt, a fine Steamer, for Biddle's Grove, Staten Island, where they spent a most delightful day. There certainly is not a more beautiful or convenient place around N. York, for an excursion, than Biddle's Grove. The proprietor has gone to considerable expense in fitting it up with seats, tables, swings, clearing the ground, &c., and the Newark friends say they had no difficulty in enjoying themselves. It needed no effort. And now that all our Schools and Societies have had their Excursions, at least around New York, it may be well to note that all of them have passed off without accident or any thing to mar the enjoyment of those who participated in them. They have doubtless done much good, brought many persons, who were previously unacquainted with each other, to be friends. And may the Father of mercies smile upon all our Schools, while to his name be all the praise through Jesus Christ. G.

RETURN OF BR. KING.

We were happy to see it announced in the last "Trumpet," that Br. T. S. King, of Charlestown has returned from his voyage to the Azores, whither he went in pursuit of health. The sea breases, change of climate and relaxation from labor and care, seems to have had the desired effect in restoring him to his usual health and vigor.

True modesty blushes for every thing that is criminal. False

THE PROMISE TO ABRAHAM.

Last week we gave a quotation from Dr. Jordon's reply to Hall, we ask the readers attention to the following on the promise to Abraham. It is worthy of a careful perusal.

1st. The promise to Abraham, and the Gospel, are identical—they are the same. "And the Scripture, forseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before, THE GOSPEL unto Abraham, saying, '*In thee shall all nations be blessed*'"—Gal. 3, 8. This being true, and I presume no one will dispute it, it then follows that the promise includes the Resurrection—that this is the legitimate BLESSING; for this, allow me to say, is the sum and substance of the gospel. Christ brought LIFE and IMMORTALLITY to light, through THE GOSPEL. I have said that the blessings of the gospel belong to this life—by which I mean that the gospel blesses men here—it being but the *news*, the *revelation* of the great blessing of *immortallity*. Take away from the gospel the Resurrection and the Future Life, and what would it be? It would not be worth believing! All its importance, its greatness and glory consist in its revelations of the FUTURE. without these it would be powerless and inert—destitute of attraction, a perfect nonentity! In the somewhat extravagant language of Paul, 'if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.' It is true there are many valuable precepts connected with the gospel, or rather recorded in the New Testament—such as 'Love your enemies,—'Bless them that curse you'—'Overcome evil with good'—'Love the Lord with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself,' &c. But these are not the gospel; and would be of little consequence were it not for the great truths revealed by the gospel! I do affirm most emphatically that the revelation or news of the *Resurrection* and the *Immortal Life* is what, properly speaking, constitute *the gospel*; they form its centre and circumference, and without these there would be no gospel. And it is upon the truth of this revelation that the *precepts* of the gospel—or those taught by Christ, and after him by his Apostles, are based. Why love our enemies—why do good unto all, if we are not all brethren, created by the same God, and destined to the same home in Heaven? Why overcome evil with good, unless God will eventually do so?—and why love our neighbor as ourself, if he is not an heir of Immortality and Happiness the same as we? Before the gospel was fully made known, it was 'Love your friends, and hate your enemies.' and so it should be now, were Partialism true. The gospel reveals LIFE and IMMORTALITY, not for a part, but for all—and it is from this fact that the Social and Moral precepts of the Saviour derive all their force, energy, life and beauty; and aside from this fact, they would be as powerless as the morality of Seneca or Confucius!

The great blessing revealed in the gospel then is *Life* and *Immortality*, or the *Resurrection of the dead*, and the promise and the gospel being the same, each involving the other, it follows that the promise has direct reference to the same glorious blessing. This, I confess, is as fair, honest and legitimate a conclusion as my mind is capable of conceiving, and I am well satisfied that it is a conclusion which will bear the test of the most rigid investigation.

2d. That I am correct in referring the blessing contained in the promise to the Future Life is also evident from Paul's memorable defence before King Agrippa. "And now I stand and am judged *for the hope of the promise made of God unto the fathers;* unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night hope to come. For which HOPE'S SAKE, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews. *Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that* GOD SHOULD RAISE THE DEAD?" (Act. 26) Paul declares here that he was "accused of the Jews," and was then "judged" for his HOPE IN THE PROMISE which God made to the fathers, evidently the promise to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. And that he understood the promise to refer to the Resurrection and the Future Life is evident from the question he immediately propounds by the way of *excuse* or *apology* for his hope: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible that *God should raise the dead?*" This must forever settle the question. If Paul understood the promise it refers to the *resurrection of the dead;* and if he was mistaken, who shall decide?

3d. Again: Paul (in Heb. 6,) speaking of this same promise, carries it as usual directly into the future Resurrection state. Let us hear him—"For when God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, swear by himself, saying, 'Surely blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying, I will multiply thee,' &c. * * * Wherein God, willing more abundant to shew unto the HEIRS OF PROMISE the immutability of his council, confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation, who have fled for refuge, to lay hold upon the HOPE set before us, which HOPE we have as an ANCHOR OF THE SOUL, *both sure and steadfast*, and which ENTERETH INTO THAT WITHIN THE VEIL—*whither the fore-runner is for us entered, even Jesus.*" Thus the *hope of the promise*, or that arising from the promise, entereth into that WITHIN THE VEIL—in other words, *into the immortal state*, whither Christ for us has entered. This is the correct view of the subject—how could it be otherwise when the promise and the gospel are the same, both pointing to the Resurrection and the incorruptable state for their accomplishment. Add to this fact as before stated, that the blessings of the future state are said to be IN CHRIST, just as the promise indicates, (*in thy seed.*) and the evidence is conclusive, at once and forever placing the fact beyond the reach of controversy.

UNION ASSOCIATION.

CONDENSED FROM THE TRUMPET.

This body held its last annual session at Chickopee on the 16th and 17th ult. Chose Br. A. A. Folsome moderator, and C. A. Bradley, Clerk.

The following resolutions were presented to be acted upon at the next session.

Resolved, That the first article in the Constitution of this Association be so altered, that it shall read:—This Association shall be called the Worcester Association, and shall embrace within its limits the county of Worcester only.

Resolved, That the first article of the Constitution of the Union Association shall be amended by striking out the words "County of Worcester and,"

Voted, To request the Standing Clerk to designate the place at which to hold the next meeting of this Association.

Chose Brs. L. Ballou, D. K. Lee and J. H. Moore committee on Fellowship and Ordination.

Chose Brs. V. Lincoln, B. V. Stevenson and E. Trask, (layman) of Springfield, Committee on Discipline.

UTICA.

We are happy to see it announced in the public journals, that Br. E. Frances of Chelsea, Mass., is about to remove to Utica, in this State. Utica is an important location, and considering the advantages it has enjoyed, our cause seems to be far behind what it ought to be in such a location as that. We regard Br. F. as a faithful christian pastor, and devoutly pray that his labors for the upbuilding of the waste places in Zion may be greatly blessed.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE. A SUGGESTION.

The following, specimen of the Epistolary received from a friend in the country, is admired for its brevity and point.

PUBLISHERS OF THE N. Y. CHRISTIAN MESSENGER:

GENTS.—Enclosed, I send you two Dollars, which you will please pass to my credit, and continue the paper as heretofore.

Respectfully yours S. G. T.

The above letter was directed to S. C. Bukeley, & Co., 140 Fulton St. N. Y.—it came safely to hand, the amount was duly credited, and a receipt promptly returned. We hope to be pardoned for the suggestion, to those friends in the country who may yet be in arrears for the paper, that such communications serve to make the paper very interesting, to the publishers, especially in times like the present.

ANOTHER DEATH IN BR. SAWYERS FAMILY.

By the following announcement just received in a letter from Br. Sawyer, it will be perceived that himself and family have been called to drink still more deeply of the cup of affliction.

DIED—In Clinton, Aug 27th, TEODORO A., aged 7 years 5 months and 17 days, son of Thomas J. and Caroline M. Sawyer. "There is rest in Heaven." T. J. SAWYER.

New Publications.

Illustrations of the Laws of Kindness, by G. W. Montgomery.—This work has already passed through several editions, in this country and in Europe, and it has received unbounded commendation from the public press on both sides of the Atlantic. Though it embodies in an eminent degree the very spirit and essence of Universalism, it is far from being sectarian in its character, and no christian of any denomination, can fail to be delighted with the lofty morality, and the elevated sentiments of piety by which it is characterized. A new and elegant edition, has recently been issued by Messrs. Kiggins & Kellogg, 10 John Street. It is for sale at this office.

Austin's Voice to Youth.—A new and improved edition of this work, elegantly bound, has just been issued by Messrs. Kiggins & Kellogg. 10 John St. The fact that it has been adopted as a part of the Public School Library, is a sufficient guarrantee of its excellence. Abounding as it does in valuable suggestions and instruction for the regulation of the conduct of the young, it should have a place in every family Library, and be attentively read and pondered by every young man and young woman in the land. It is for sale at this office.

Austin's Voice to the Married.—This book, like its counterpart the "Voice to Youth," written by Br. J. M. Austin, is a highly valuable and interesting publication. The rapid and extensive sale which it has already met, sufficiently attests its popularity and its worth. No family library can be condsidered complete without it. A new and very handsome edition has just been issued by Messrs. Kiggins & Kellogg, 10 John St. For sale at this office.

Secular Department.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the Brittania at Boston, we have seven days later intelligence from Europe. Contrary to the hopes and wishes of the friends of universal liberty, the advices, so far as relates to the condition of things in Ireland, are of a most gloomy character. Smith O'Brien, the leader of the patriot party has been arrested, and is now in prison. Richard O'Gormon, another leader made his escape in a vessel bound for America. A war steamer was despatched after him.—Several others, who were prominent in the late movements have been arrested, and altogether it would seem that there is but little hope, at present, of the deliverance of unhappy Ireland, from the cruel grasp of her oppressors.

The affairs of Italy, so far as they were in the hands of Charles Albert of Sardinia, are represented to be in a desperate state.

In France, the courts-martials in Paris have now decided on the fate of about 2,300 prisoners. They have ordered the discharge of nearly 1,000; they have classed 1,100 among those to be transported; and they have sent 100 to be tried by superior court-martial. Five hundred of the insurgents of June, sentenced to transportation, were transferred on the 5th inst. by rail road to Havre. Having been embarked in the Ulloa steam-frigate, they were to have sailed on the following morning for Brest, where they were to remain confined on board a hulk until the executive power should have fixed their destination.

☞ The Old Albany Insurance Co. after paying all its losses by the recent fire in that city, will have as we learn from reliable authority, $150,000 capital remaining, and will, therefore, continue buisness as heretofore.

Death of Captain Marryat.—We regret to observe the death of Captain Marryat announced in the English papers. He visited this country somewhere about the year 1835, and appeared to be much gratified with his trip. He was a man of undoubted literary talents, and his Peter Simple and other tales will long continue to be popular. He was plain and unassuming in his manners—frank and sociable in his habits; but he got into some unimportant difficulties in this country, with literary men and others. He must have been about 65 years of age.

South-Western Telegraphs.—A St. Louis paper of the 15th says:

The O'Reilly telegraphic line from this city northward to Dubuque, is now in successful operation. Yesterday dispatches were received from St. Peter's traders. This line is 400 miles in length. The wire to finish the Burlington and Bloomington route is on the way, and the posts are all up. The Upper Mississippi is now in lightning connection with this city and the East. On the 1st inst, the wire-workers commenced on the New Orleans line, working northward to complete the rout to Tuscumbia, putting up about sixty miles per week.—By the middle of September, this city will be in connection with New Orleans, over that line. Yesterday, the line from Evansville to Vincennes commenced operations. Thus this great work is steadily advancing under the enterprising control of Mr. O'Reilly.

Generous.—A man on being told by a generous farmer that he would give him a barrel of cider. asked the farmer if he would bring it to his house, 'Certainly,' replied the farmer, 'with pleasure.' 'Well,' said the grateful man, 'what will you pay me for the barrel when the cider is gone?'

From Mexico. Advices have come to hand from Vera Cruz, to the 7th inst., by an arrival at New Orleans. Paredes was still at large, but concealed from the government forces, which are in search of him. Some of his confederates have been captured. Another pronunciamento had been issued, and a revolution planned at Mazatlan, by Don Placenza Miranda. The exact object of this revolution is not known, but it was thought to have been prompted by a desire to obtain one million and a half of dollars in specie, expected to arrive at Mazatlan. Government had ordered forward a strong body of troops to suppress the revolt.

Singular Coincident.—It is worthy of remark that no person who took a newspaper regularly and paid for it, was ever covicted of capital offence. No such person was ever sent to the penitentiary, or any other prison. No such person ever committed suicide, or went to the lunatic asylum; and with a few exceptions longevity has been the consequence of so upright a practice.

Child Kidnapped.—An interesting child, between 4 and 5 years old, named Effy Ann Jones, daughter of Thomas E. Jones, butcher, of No 398 Greenwich street, went on to walk with a girl named Mary Ann Gerhold, a neighbor's daughter, who is about nine years of age, and while amusing themselves in Washington street, near Laight, a genteelly dressed young man accosted them, and after enquiring the age of the little girl and caressing her, asked her to accompany him down the street and he would buy some candy for her, which he did at a stand in West street. He then took the child away with him, since which time nothing has been seen of the stranger or the child.

Lamentable Case.—The N. Y. Tribune says that two girls of high respectability, aged about 14 and 16 years, whose parents reside in one of the beautiful towns on the banks of the Hudson, were seduced to leave their homes about six weeks ago and come to this city, where they were soon placed by their seducers in houses of ill-fame, and would probably have remained in them untill they had become so degraded as to preclude all hopes of reform had not a quarrel ensued between the persons to whose charge they had respectively been committed. Prompt measures will now be taken to restore them to their afflicted parents, who recently dispatched officers in every direction in search of the deluded girls.

The amendments to the Post Office Bill, allowing newspapers to go free through the mails a certain distance, were struck out in the Senate, after having been once agreed to.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

THE OLD BURIAL PLACE AMONG THE PINES.

BY M. W. H.

"The music of pine trees, is melancholy in some woods; joyous in others. In the sultry summer noon-tide it sounds like the ripple of the shaded rill—in the dark starry night, like the one best loved and lost."—A. B. STREET.

Fond mem'ry lingering loves to stray,
Where I in childhood, made essay,
In that lone nook among the pines,
Man's fate to trace in moss-grown lines,
Which quaintly told that "neath the ground
Our friends must slumber, till the sound
Of Gabriel's trump, shall wake their dust,
To shine as stars among the just,
Or sink"—shall I in language strong
The contrast trace? let *that* belong
To by-past times, when ghastly bones,
And death's heads carv'd on mould'ring stones,
Were common emblems of the fate
Alike of poverty and state.
Ere purer taste had taught to wave,
Some brighter emblem o'er the grave—
Ere GREENWOOD, AUBURN, and LA CHAISE,
The drooping spirit sought to raise,
Through *cheerful* vistas to those skies,
Where are no dimn'd and tearful eyes.

Yet, did I love those pure trees' shade,
For there, a mother's dust was laid—
Music to me was in their moan,
It seem'd the echo of that tone,
That sooth'd to rest my aching head,
When oft beside my infant bed,
That loved one strove in sadness sweet,
To chant those strains of love, so meet;
To swell the pure seraphic song,
E'er sung by the angelic throng,
Around that bright eternal throne,
The dwelling of the HOLY ONE.

Oft did I list till ev'ry breeze
That sigh'd among those dear old trees,
To my sad spirit, seem'd to say,—
"Now in thy spring-time soar away,
Ere sin, hath spread for thee its toil,
Or thou shalt struggle in the coil
That binds, as with a thousand strings,
Immortal mind to mortal things."

Then would that blest one's shade arise,
And pass before my mist-clad eyes,
The hopes, the joys, the griefs and fears,
Full sure to come, with coming years,
Would bid me bear the humble part,
With full integrity of heart,
Assign'd by my Creator s will
Upon "life's fitful stage" to fill—
Then meekly give my dust to earth,
My soul to God, who gave it birth.

Albany, N. Y.

"I hold," says a western editor, with dignified emphasis, "I hold it as a self evident principle, that no man should take a newspaper three consecutive years without at least making an apology to the editor for not paying for it."

Original.

TEMPERANCE:

GLEANINGS FROM AN EXTEMPORANEOUS LECTURE, DELIVERED BEFORE THE CALEDONIA SOCIETY

BY J. G. MC'ADAM.

You who associate together for the promotion of this great cause, should be careful to realize the importance of your position, and to remember that if the cause perish, it must perish in your hands. You have removed *Temperance* from its resting-place among the religious virtues, you have taken it away from among the sacred trusts of the temple, and given it a distinct, isolated and individual position: you have dedicated to its service a distinct Altar, and a peculiar ministry. You have arrayed it in vestments, and surrounded it by symbols not used by those who minister in sacred things. Though Temperance is still retained among the sister graces of Faith, Hope, Charity, Patience and Brotherly kindness, the ancient and appropriate trust of the temple, yet so completely have you assumed the care and guardianship of this virtue, that should its white banner ever trail in the dust, and its cause fall prostrate; you, and not the Ministers of God, would be charged with the inglorious result.

This being so, you should select your oracles with care. They should be men whose hearts are lit with the fire, and whose lips are touched with the eloquence of heaven,

The voices of such ones, fall like music on the dullest ears, and strike like electricity on the coldest hearts. Those who have no appreciation of the importance of the cause, may create a momentary smile at their buffoonery, and elicit the unconscious applause which they seek; but they fritter away golden opportunities of doing good, and weaken the force, and reduce to ridicule, a movement, which by its native sublimity, is fitted to obtain the peace, and secure the admiration of the world.

All the other evils that afflict mankind, though cruel, have yet some measure of kindness and sympathy for our race; but Intemperance is cruel, without one mingling current of mercy; and revengeful, without respect to age, sex, or circumstance.

War, that dread scourge of humanity—if it strikes a husband to the earth, it buries him with martial honors, and the lone widow hears amid her tears, the trump of fame echoing the name she loves and weeps. If a son is borne from his parent's roof, he marches with head erect, and unblanched cheek, under the waving flag of his country's cause, and should he be left on the field, or be returned home wounded or dead, a nation's sympathy softens the parent's tears, and the consciousness that no infamy is woven into the family's history, by him they mourn, mitigates their sorrow.

How much more awful is the visitation of Intemperance. The husband that enlists under its dark banner, though ever near his home, is still far removed from all its happiness; though ever within sight of the once loved one, to whom he pledged his lasting protection, that sight is more fearful than his perpetual absence. Though that husband lives, yet he is worse than dead, and when he dies, his widow can find no solace in her sadness, no sympathy for her grief in other's bosoms, and no cause of gladness in her own. The memory of a drunkard is all a cloud, a blot, a stain, a curse; his best epitaph is *silence*; his best tomb-stone, OBLIVION.

When this foul Demon steals into a family, and binds in its fetters a son or brother, it is worse, a thousand times, as an affliction, than making him a conscript in war, or a victim in battle. It is like binding the living to the dead, and compelling the loathsome burden to be borne before the gaze of the world. Death comes as a relief, in such a case, but before it come to the cause of this family's grief, the grief often wears upon and brings death to others first, so that the victim of intemperance often treads upon the ashes of his own family's means, whose graves are dug by his own waywardness, before he places his crisped ashes beside them.

Dread Pestilence! Why did our earth fall so far as to become thy nursery and hot-bed? Woman, lovely woman, is never called upon to march into the field amid the thick bolts of death. No despotism, however severe, has descended to this expedient, to increase its military strength. This portion of our race, bearing some affinity to the angels above us, were always reserved as the guards of the social and domestic interests of the sterner sex, who far from home might be called to fight their country's battles. Yes, woman was ever chosen as a Vestal to keep the sacred fires of domestic bliss perpetually burning, so that man might have one lovely, peaceful place on earth, to which he could look with hope, and return with joy. Intempearnce, more despotic, lays its conscript hand on woman also, and by one fell stroke, blasts a father's peace, child-

hood's home, and love's sweet altar. This is no fiction. It needs not that we refer to the distant hordes of Russia, to the far off Boors of the north, or the savage tribes of our native wilds to find an instance confirmatory of this awful fact. Our own eyes have witnessed the disgusting sight, our own ears have heard the squalid sounds of her degradation. It is in our own land, and in our own streets that this thing is witnessed, and yet we talk of this enterprise, as one that may not be sustained!!

The Pestilence, when it sweeps over the land, hurries its work, heaps up its mounds of dead, then cools its hot breath, and withdraws its haggard frame, that the living may recover from their lethargy, and enjoy the cool and refreshing breezes of balmy health again. Amid all the ruins of a pestilence, there is the modifying thought, that it is a providence of God, and that the visitation is in his hands, and is tempered and reigned to check some evil and produce some good. Intemperance, when it comes, prolongs its loathsome visit, and no species of philosophy can trace the hand of Deity, in the poisoned cup of this death. It is an evil created by earthly agency, and breathed into life and activity by human avarice. Its visitations are unmodified by any of the restraints that guide and chain the breath of the pestilence, and destroys its power. While it seems entirely beneath the uses of Providence, even for the purposes of affliction, it is in no way superior to the control of humanity. No thank God! it lives or dies as human law commands. Here lies your strength—wipe this evil from the earth, and the entire body of the virtues will bound at once into newness of life, and breath the airs of a happy resurrection.

RESIGNATION AND SUBMISSION.

It is one thing to be *resigned* to God's will, and quite another thing sometimes to *submit*. A dying man once said in answer to the enquiry, "are you willing to die," "*yes, I suppose I must.*" He would submit, because resistance was useless. He surrendered to superior power, but there was no resignation.

"*Not my will, but thine be done,*" is the breath of the spirit that is resigned to the higher dispensation that requires us to yield, and he who has the heart to say it, will taste the sweetness there is in having no will that rises up against that of infinite wisdom and love.

Your child is laid on a bed of sickness, and disease is wasting him slowly but surely, and you *feel* that he must die. So long as there was hope in his case, you were almost sure that he would live, while others were afraid he would die. Then you did not search your own heart to see if you were *resigned* to the dispensation that was hanging over you. But now that death is at hand, and you see him mirrored in the glassy eye of your dying child, you begin to examine yourself with reference to the bitter cup that is pressed to your lips. Are you willing to drink it? Say *no*, and its bitterness grows more bitter, and the cup must be drained to the dregs. There is no taste of sweetness in the mixture that is given you to drink. Say *no*, and the darkness of the night of trial grows blacker. The face of your Father is hid in the clouds, and the gloom of abandonment settles on your sinking soul. Say *no*, and the voice of your Father sounds harshly as he calls away your little one, and you feel that he is chastening you in displeasure. It is bitter to be afflicted when you are not resigned.

Say *yes*, and feel it, and you shall know how good and gracious God can be even when his hand is pressing the most heavily. You shall taste the sweetness of grief which reveals the love of Him who wounds that he may heal, and takes away that he may restore fourfold. Say *yes*, and He will unfold the mysteries of his Providence and grace, and you shall see that heaven is brighter and earth is better, and your soul is fitter for both, because God has tried you in the furnace of his sovereign will. Say *yes*, and the blessedness of *resignation* shall be felt in its life-giving power, so that even if you are more deeply afflicted, and the desire of your eyes is indeed taken from your sight, you shall say, "blessed be the name of the Lord."

A TOUCHING SCENE.

The foreign correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial mentions having attended in St. Paul's Church, London, the anniversary meeting of the charity children, remarking feelingly upon the humanizing beauty of such a spectacle. In that vast building he says, some 10,000 children, male and female, from fifty parishes, were assembled, each parish divided off by a rail, and all the scholars dressed in the uniform of the school to which they belonged. The seats ranged to a great elevation seventeen feet from the floor. On the ground floor, from the choir to the extreme end, the spectators were seated, the elevation of each seat being sufficient to afford all an opportunity of seeing.

The preparation for this festival within the Church required some weeks, during which there was no public service. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, the 'vicar-coral' took his seat in a box elevated about forty feet from the floor. Here he could be seen by the organist and the choir and by the children. The choir of St. Paul's was assisted by that of Westminster Abbey, and when the choruses were sung by ten thousand voices, as one, it was one of the most delighful sounds that could fall upon the ear.

There were present at this interesting festival many high dignitaries, both of church and state, and no person possessing a spark of philanthropy could have left the sanctuary without being gratified. We may well believe that these ten thousand children have been saved from vice and trained for heaven through the means of Christian charity. When they shall have grown up to full maturity, each one of them will gladly acknowledge the blessing they shall have received, and they will be ready individually, to say to their benefactors in the words of Rowe:

"Think not, the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all: the poor, the prisoner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heaven, and pull a blessing on thee."

TO WHOM BE GLORY.

Br. C. F. LeFevre, of Milwaukie, Wisconsin, recently visited Boston. On his way from the west, he stopped at the parish of Sherbrook, in Canada, where he was once settled as an Episcopal clergyman, and attended public worship with his old society. A young man preached who had recently entered the ministry. It is the custom (says Br. LeFevre,) in the Episcopal Church in that region, for the preacher to close his sermon by an ascription in the following words: 'To whom be glory, through our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.' On the occasion referred to, the custom we have mentioned was the cause of a very ludicrous circumstance. The young preacher, as he drew to the close of his sermon, entertained his hearers with a glowing account of the last judgment, in ending which, he said he hoped they would at last hear the welcome plaudit, 'Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, before the foundation of the world; and not hear the denunciatory sentence, 'Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the *Devil* and his angels:, to whom, [said the preacher,] be glory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Trumpet.*

THE CHOLERA.

The onward march of this terrific scourge through the old world, and the question of its future progress, seem to have been temporarily forgotten, in the fury and turmoil of revolutions shaking down old governments, and building upon their ruins the foundations of future Republics. We perceive, however, that the important subject of this awful disease has not altogether escaped the attention of designing men. The following paragraph, which casts a new and interesting light upon it, will arrest the attention of our readers;—

"The Sanitary Commissioners appointed by the Parliament of England have made a remarkable report. It appears that Cholera and Influenza are intimate diseases, both delighting in the same localities, and that the latter is far more dangerous than the former. Last November, the Influenza attacked in London 500,000 persons making, for the space of eleven weeks, 6,145 deaths per week above the usual number, an excess greater than the entire mortality produced by the Cholera in the twenty-one weeks during which it raged in 1832. On examination, it seems Cholera is diarrhœa developed to a monstrous form by a peculiar state of the atmosphere, accumulated moist exhalations with sudden changes of temperature. Influenza is the ordinary "cold developed to an epidemic." Cholera, in its first stages, readily yield to aromatics, opiates, and astringents. Now, having found out the cause, we have but to remove it, to prove the effect; and, knowing the cause, we can more intelligently proceed to modify the effect. It becomes, then, the duty of municipal bodies, to remove all stagnant pools, ditches, bad drains, and if possible, forest lands and marshes contiguous—in fact, to take away, as far as possible, every cause that may engender miasma."

The important facts are thus developed, that Cholera, in its early stages, rapidily yields to proper treatment, and it may be prevented by the prompt and systematic attention of municipal bodies to cleanliness, and the removal of such causes of disease as stagnant water and other kinds of filth, with which large cities are generally cursed.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

TO A YOUNG PASTOR:

BY MISS M. E. TILLOTSON.

With pleasure, my brother, this tribute I render,
A pledge of that Friendship which never can die,
For thy peace, and prosperity, here would I tender,
My wishes heartfelt, and my hopes mounting high.

These words may seem formal, and lose on thy senses
That kindly sincerity whence they arise;
But far from my heart be untruthful pretenses,
As I'd have from my friends the false tones I despise.

The soft words of friendship are uttered as lightly,
And freely, as sounds of the stream or the wind,
Till scarcely their import is heeded, though brightly,
They flow from the fountain where truth is enshrined.

'Tis not to admonish, these thoughts I awaken,
For truth, I opine, o'er my spirit has sway;
My pen has this vein unwittingly taken,
From which let me turn it abruptly away.

Thy calling should make thee the kindest and calmest,
And wisest of creatures that fancy can paint,
With the lore of the sage, and the song of the Psalmist,
The meekness of servant, and pureness of saint.

The sprites of delusion are haunting our nation,
And wailings of woe for the lost ones are heard;
Those spectres disperse with the wand of salvation,
And allay every fear with the life-giving word.

If woman's low voice may encouragement offer,
And if her approval is ever held dear,
If aught to thy heart the prayers she may offer,
And thou e'er regardest her smile or her tear.

Then fain would she cheer thee, whose labors enlighten
The pathway of mortals with beams from on high,
Her Orisons blend with thy teachings that brighten
The wreath on her lip, and the ray from her eye.

Thy youth and thy gifts to the Gospel devoted,
Direct the affections of mortals above,
With a falterless aim that on earth be promoted
The blessed Religion of Mercy and Love!

How blest is existence, whatever it bringeth,
When hope to each cloud a bright halo has given,
And joyous is Time as his cycles he wingeth.
When faith fills the soul with a foretaste of Heaven.

Smithville, N. Y.

☞ HON. REUBEN BOOTH, of Danbury, late Lieutenant Governor of this State, and a prominent politician for many years, died at his residence on Monday evening, of dysentery. His age was 56 years.

Original.

The following may interest some of the readers of our Juvenile Department, and afford them an opportunity to exercise their ingenuity. We owe our young friend who handed it to us an apology for so long delaying its publication—in consequence of its being overlooked. We will endeavor to be more prompt in future, should he furnish us with any more favors of this sort.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I consist of 21 letters.
My 1, 20, 15, 5, 1, 9, 6 is one of the States of the Union.
My 2, 21, 12, 4 is a County in the State of New York.
My 3, 9, 1, 2, 5 is a river in Africa.
My 4, 3, 13, 21, 20 is a lake in Russia.
My 5, 15, 6, 18, 13, 3 is one of the West India Islands.
My 6, 14, 9, 18, 2 is a County in Mississippi.
My 7, 2, 15, 3 is a Town in Spain
My 8, 13, 21, 5, 4, 3 is a County in New Jersey.
My 9, 10, 11, 14, 2, 3 is a lake in Russia.
My 10, 6, 1, 15, 15, 3 is an Island in the South Sea.
My 11, 2, 3, 13 is a river in Siberia.
My 12, 15, 3, 9, 6, 3 is a Republic in Europe.
My 13, 7, 6, 16, 13, 14, 6 is one of the States of the Union.
My 14, 15, 3, 21, 15, 4 is a County in Tennessee.
My 15, 5, 4, 1, 15, 4 is a River in the United States.
My 16, 13, 7, 18, 9, 14, 15, 21, 2 is a Town in Maryland.
My 17, 14, 16, 6, 1, 15, 1 is a lake in Maine.
My 18, 17, 5, 12, 3 is a Town in Italy.
My 19, 15, 3, 1 is a Lake in Vermont.
My 20, 19, 16, 2 is a River in Europe,
My 21, 13, 5, 9, 18, 6, 3 is a Bay in New Jersey.
My whole has distinguished himself in many of the battles of Mexico.

THE BENEVOLENT BOY.

John Martin was the son of a carpenter, who lived in the city of New York. His father was not rich, neither was he very poor; his family always had enough to eat and to drink, and had comfortable clothes to wear.

John was early taught to be kind to the poor, and he seemed to learn this lesson very easily. Whenever John found a poor man in the street begging, he would take him home to his mother. Mrs. Martin was one of the best women in the world, and would never send any one away from her house, hungry; if she had nothing else to give them she would always get them enough to eat.

It happened that in John's neighborhood their lived a poor widow woman, who supported herself and four children by sewing. She found it very hard work to do this, and sometimes she could only earn enough to buy them bread, without paying any attention to their clothes. John had been at this woman's house to carry work for her, and sometimes to carry presents from his mother; he knew that she was poor, and he was glad to do any thing for her that he could.

One winter's day, John looked into his money box, and found that he had five shillings: he had looked in at the shop windows and had seen a great many things that he would like to buy. There were drums and trumpets, and flutes in one of the windows, and a pile of fine sleds lying beside the counter.

As he went on his way home one day, thinking about these things, he came near the widow woman's house, and on the stoop he saw one of her little boys—"little Fred," as the boys called him. "Fred," said John, "why don't you go out to play to-day?" "O," said he, "its too cold." Just as he said this, John happened to look at little Fred's feet, and saw that he had no stockings on, and his toes were sticking out of the ends of his shoes. "Poor fellow," said John to himself, "no wonder he is cold."

John went on towards home, but he could not help thinking about little Fred's cold feet.

The next morning John came down stairs and said to his mother, "Mother, may I buy little Fred a pair of shoes?" "Yes, my son," said his mother, "I should be very glad to have you do so if you wish." So John started off towards the widow woman's house. He found little Fred in the entry playing.

"Come along with me, Fred," said John. "O, its too cold," said he, it freezes my feet to go out. But come with me to the shoe shop, and I will buy you a pair of shoes." What, a new pair," said Fred, as he put on his cap—then I'll go." So they trotted off towards the shop.

The first pair of shoes little Fred tried on, fitted him exactly. "How much are they," said John. "Five shillings," said the shop keeper. So John handed the man his money, and the boys went out of the shop. It was all the money that John had; after paying the man, his pocket was empty. But it was a pleasure to him to see how happy little Fred felt. "Oh won't I have a fine time to-morrow?" said Fred, "I thought I should

have to stay in the house, all day. Who gave you so much money, John? When I get so much money, and you have no shoes John, will buy you a pair."

The next day was Christmas, and among the rest of the boys who were out at play was little Fred, the happiest of the company. As John saw him frisking about in the snow, and riding up and down the street on the other boy's sleds, he said to himself, "I am glad I bought little Fred a pair of shoes."

I might tell you more about little Fred. How the next day, he went to school. How the teacher inquired of him why he had been away so long—and who bought him a pair of shoes to come to school in.

How the teacher praised John for his kindness, and how she told the scholars he was likely to grow up to be a great and good man. But I have said enough for this time.

Remember John's kindness to the poor, and try to do as he did.

M. G.

CHENANGO ASSOCIATION.

This body will hold its next annual session in South Bainbridge, on Wednesday and Thursday, September 6th. and 7th. The Council will convene at 8 o'clock, Wednesday morning. The occasional Sermon will be delivered by Br. C. L. Shipman, at half past ten. All societies are requested to send delegates and full statistical reports. All Universalist ministers and lay brethren, who possibly can, both within and beyond the bounds of the association, are sincerely desired to attend. A committee at the church will direct strangers at South Bainbridge wishing to be present at the meeting, and arriving Tuesday evening, or before half past ten Wednesday morning, to places of entertainment.

J. T. Goodrich, *Sanding Clerk.*

MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE CHENANGO ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

This Society will hold its fifth yearly meeting in South Bainbridge, on Wednesday and Thursday, September 6th, and 7th. As its place of convocation is central, and as its very existence may depend upon the general attendance of its officers and friends at the time appointed, nothing but absolute impossibility will permit any real Universalist therewith identified, to be absent. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

J. T. Goodrich, *Secretary.*

UNITED STATES CONVENTION.

Agreeably to a adjournment, the United States Convention of Universalists, will hold its next annual session in the city of Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th and 21st days of September, 1848.

At the last session of this body, Rev. Moses Ballou was appointed to deliver the next Occasional discourse. Rev. O. A. Skinner, Wm. S. Balch and T. B. Thayer were appointed a committee to mature some plan for securing uniformity of ministerial fellowship throughout our denomination, and report at the next session. Revs. H. Ballou, 2d and T. Whittemore were appointed a committee to collect facts in relation to the early meetings of this Convention, to be appended to our records, and report at the next session.

J. M. Austin, *Stand. Clerk.*

GENERAL SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETING.

According to previous appointment, there will be a general meeting of Universalists, to confer on the subject of Sunday Schools, and the religious instruction of children, on Tuesday September 19, the day previous to the session of the United States Convention, at the City of Hartford Ct. The morning willbe devoted to such business, and to the discussion of such subjects as may be deemed necesrary to the welfare of the Sabbath School cause. In the afternoon an address suitable to the occasion will be delivered by Rev. J. M. Austin of Auburn N. Y. and in the evening it is expected that there will be a general Sunday School conference; addresses by different brethren.

All persons friendly to the cause of Sabbath Schools in the denomination are urged to be present.

James Gallager. } Committee
Thomas B. Thayer. } of
G. L. Demarest. } Arrangements.

HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION.

The annual session of the Hudson River Association of Universalists, for 1848, will be held in the city of Hudson, the first Wednesday and following Thursday (6th and 7th) of September. The Council will convene Wednesday morning at nine o'clock, and public services commence at half past ten. Br. Davis was appointed to preach the occasional Sermon. Br. Waggoner will deliver a discourse during the meeting, upon the subject of Sunday Schools.

It is confidently expected that every society, (as it is its duty and privilege) will be duly represented. Let us have a full delegation; and then the regular business of the session, besides many very important subjects, which it is expected will appear in the Council, will be likely to be properly done, and rightly disposed of; for "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." We hope to secure the safety by having the presence and counsel of *two delegates from each society within our bounds.* Shall we have them? Ministers and friends generally are invited to be with us, and participate in the joy of the occasion. Shall we have the pleasure, as it is our earnest desire, of greeting our ministering brethren of New York city, at this meeting?" "The south should hold not back."

J. A. Aspinwall, *Standing Clerk.*

NOTICE.

The North Branch Association of Universalists, will hold its annual session at Sheshequin, Bradford Co. Pa., on the third Wednesday and Thursday of September, 20th and 21st.

Those who wish to see one of the most beautiful valleys—the "*Universalia*" of the "*Pro and Con*"—as well as to enjoy a good meeting, will please make us a visit on the above mentioned days, and they may rest assured of a hearty welcome, and that no pains will be spared to render their stay with us pleasant and agreeable. Come friends, one and all—foes too—and those from a distance will call two doors north of the Church where they will find a committee in attendance to direct them to places of entertainment.

Ministering brethren!—*Don't forget us.* We shall look for you "hard" and do not wish to be disappointed.

S. J. G.

N. Y. ASSOCIATION.

This body adjourned to meet on Wednesday, October 11th at such place as may be designated by the Standing Clerk. Any friends desirous of having the Association meet with them will please address the subscriber.

Thos. B. Thayer, *Standing Clerk.*

Brooklyn, August 7, 1848.

DIED.

In Poughkeepsie, Aug. 18th, Eliza Jane Rose, wife of Elias G. Hopkins, and daughter of Samuel Rose, of Hudson, in the 26th year of her age.

In this city, on the 15th of August, Mr. Lucas Van Bunkirk, at the advanced age of 91 years.

Mr. B. was a native of, and resident in this city, for most of his life; and for several years past, was an honored member of the Bleecker St. Universalist Society. He was highly respected by all who knew him.